Solan. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fiidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salar. Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My own fleſh and bloud to rebell.

Sola. Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at theſe yeares.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and my bloud.

Solari. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your blouds, then there is between Red wine and Renniſh: but tell us, do you heare whether *Anthonio* have had any leſſe at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrour, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was uſd to come ſo ſmug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Uſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curſie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am ſure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh, whats that good for?

Shyl. To bait fiſh withall, if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reaſon, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, demenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian is: if you prick us, do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poyſon us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge, if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my Maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſ
ſpeak with you both.

Saleri. We have been up and down to ſeek hi

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Here comes another of the Tribe, a
matcht, unleſſe the Devill himſelfe turne Iew.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Ge*
found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of he
find her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a Dia
me two thouſand Ducats in *Franckford*, the curſe
our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two t
in that, and other precious, precious jewels; I wou
were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare:
hearſt at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no
why ſo? and I know not whats ſpent in the ſe
loſſe upon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and
the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor n
but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighs, but a m
teares but a my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men have ill lucke to, *Antho*
in *Genowa*?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming fr

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that e

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, g
ha, heere in *Genowa*.

Tuball. Your daughter ſpent in *Genowa*, as I
foureſcore Ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtickſt a dagger in me, I ſhall never
gaine, foureſcoure Ducats at a ſitting foureſcore D

Tuball. There came divers of *Anthonio's* credi
pany to *Venice*, that ſweare he cannot chuſe but br